

BAND AND CHOIR

PRACTISE FOR MAY

TRIBUTE TO BERLIN

by Annette Theodore

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Each year as spring rolls around, everyone becomes a little restless and gets that wandering feeling. Anyone who takes to wandering at JJC is bound to go past the choir room and hear the Choir and Band rehearsing for the Joliet Junior College Musical which is given each spring by the Choir and Swing Band.

Each year the Choir gives a tribute to some famous American composer. This year on May 23 and 24 at 8:30 p.m. in the JTHS auditorium, the Choir and Band will give tribute to Irving Berlin.

Some of the selections which are going to be sung are "Always", which will be sung by the Quintones, and "They Say It's Wonderful" sung by Shirley Ceci and Dan McNabb.

Other soloists will be Flo Daniel and Gary Wells. Shirley Ceci, Flo Daniel, Bob Zelko, Russ Kramer and Dan McNabb make up the Quintones. Jack Ballak will act as master of ceremonies.

The Swing Band promises to keep "your hands-a-clappin", "your feet-a-tappin" and "your heart-a-jumpin".

Tickets are 75 cents for adults and 50 cents for children.

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THE STORM BEFORE THE CALM

by John Dennis

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It was finally the afternoon of the performance, and I had come down early to make sure that I would be ready by curtain time. To my surprise,

SOLOISTS REHEARSE



Dr. Hal Dellinger at the piano points out a note to Shirley Ceci and Dan McNabb.

I was not the first to arrive. Others were in the dressing room going through the tedious job of applying make-up.

I joined them and was well on my way to being a forty-five year old business man when I found that I had used the wrong tube of grease paint. Off came thirty minutes of work and after forty more minutes, I was ready to get into my costume.

Luckily, my costume consisted of an ordinary spring suit. Others in the cast were not so fortunate. Their costumes ranged from knee-pants to bathing suits.

At last, the entire cast was ready and we waited impatiently in the wings for the sign to take our places.

The sign finally came and in a matter of seconds we were all in place. I was stationed on the far side of

the stage and just as the curtain was going to open, I realized that I had forgotten my props.

I dashed across the stage, making frantic signals and shouting at the curtain puller who luckily saw me and held fast. I got my props and returned to my post feeling every inch like the amateur that I was.

The curtain opened and the play moved along beautifully. Finally, it was time for my entrance and suddenly I couldn't remember any of my lines. I was struck with fear. No matter how hard I tried, I couldn't remember my opening lines.

Then from the stage came a word that sounded familiar to me. It was my cue and I walked automatically onto the stage, blurted out my opening line and everything went well.



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